

First, read the poem. Then, turn the page
and follow the directions!

READING POETRY IN THE MIDDLE GRADES

Seeing the World

Steven Herrick

Notes

Observations

Questions

Every month or so,
when my brother and I
are bored with backyard games
and television, Dad says
"It's time to see the world."
So we climb the ladder to our attic,
push the window open,
and carefully, carefully,
scramble onto the roof.
We hang on tight as we scale the heights
to the very top.
We sit with our backs to the chimney
and see the world.
The birds flying

below us.

The trees swaying in the wind

below us.

Our cubbyhouse, meters

below us.

The distant city

below us.

And then Dad, my brother, and I lie back
look up and watch
the clouds and sky
and dream
we're flying
we're flying.
In summer
with the sun and a gentle breeze
and not a sound anywhere
I'm sure I never want to land.

